



TOIL.

PLEASURE.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Development Bill provides the machinery for the construction of motor roads with no speed limits. Clearly another bid for votes, addressed this time to the Medical and Undertaking Professions.

The War Office is about to issue a number of landscape targets to assist in the training of recruits and young soldiers. This opening of a new field for painters is welcomed in Art circles, and it is said that a certain Royal Academician whose landscapes are often a butt for the critics has already brought himself before the notice of the military authorities.

The KAISER has done much to encourage aviation, but when Count ZEPPELIN reached Berlin he kissed him on both cheeks.

A subscriber to *The Daily Mail* has been complaining of the way in which his favourite journal has been booming the aeroplanes, which he believes will prove a curse to mankind. We under-

stand it to be a fact that it was only after long and careful consideration that our contemporary decided to give its patronage to the new method of locomotion, instead of letting it die of obscurity.

So few persons have a good word for the rook that we are pleased to find a well-known writer whitewashing that much maligned bird. Mr. HAMILTON FYFE, in recounting his impressions of the aerial week at Rheims, remarks:—"The Antoinette, coming up towards one high against the horizon, suggests an eagle sailing on vast white wings—or a rook, perhaps, since eagles are not white."

A representative of *The Mirror* has been interviewing the proprietor of a registry-office on the subject of complaints by servants. "Servants in general," we are told, "always consider themselves much aggrieved in being called by their first names, old as the practice is, preferring the use of the surname." Our experience of menials named Ermytrude, Gwladys, and Daphne is the other way round.

The new American Tariff imposes a duty of 20 per cent. on violin rosin, and KUBELIK and MARIE HALL, who had already entered into contracts with Yankee managers, are said to be faced with ruin.

Judge WOODWARD, of New York, holds the opinion that, while American people many years ago were probably over boastful, the pendulum has now swung the other way, and the average American is too modest in asserting the glories of his native land. But this was said before the Stars and Stripes had been run up at the North Pole.

The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, on her way across the Atlantic, cut clean through a large whale lying asleep on the top of the water. For some time past, we believe, the problem of the reckless sailing of the big liners—or "sea-hogs," as they are called—has been receiving attention in whale circles, but has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

More decadence! A shop in one of our best streets is boldly advertising "Fashions for the Fall."

THE NEW CORDON BLEU.

TO DR. COOK, OF THE NORTH POLE.

If you can swear upon your soul
That, having passed the icy seas,
You have unearthed the long-lost Pole
(And, though your tale sounds like a wheeze
Told to Marines by giddy middies,
I must not doubt its *bona fides*);—

If it is true that you achieved
The dash across those dismal floes
In isolation unrelieved
Except by stuffy Eskimos,
Let me, although a mere land-lubber,
Anoint your head with oil of blubber.

On you the general gaze is bent;
Our feelings even grow obtuse
About that other world-event,
The football-gladiators' "truce;"
A deed like yours seems, after all,
More vital than a game of ball.

And most we marvel how you nursed
So long in secret such a sprint;
I should have thought it would have burst
Out through your pores in sudden print;
Is there a case of such restraint
In Yankee records? No, there ain't.

Even *The Mail* was months behind
The date of your accomplished fact,
Nor should I be surprised to find
Its Polar Correspondent sacked,
Who missed you in the Arctic night
Through an amazing oversight.

Meanwhile it weighs you in the scale,
It puts you through the critic's sieve,
And finds *The New York Herald's* tale
"AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE,"
In rival type it almost looked
As if the whole account was Cooked!

Yes, there are sceptic eyes to face,
Men who will cry, "You talk about
Your Eskimos who joined the chase?"
Well, let us see 'em; trot 'em out!"
And others, "If you reached the goal,
Where's the result? Produce your Pole!"

Myself, I liked that first report,
Laconic as a rifle's crack,
Which showed (without details of sport)
You'd done the journey—Pole and back,
Fulfilling your tremendous mission
"While on a Polar expedition."

In that last line there is the ring
Of Truth that proves your word is good;
Some might assert they found the thing
While skating in the neighbourhood;
But *you* located its position
"While on a Polar expedition."

Well, there have been great Cooks before,
Voyagers famed beyond eclipse—
JAMES who discovered many a shore,
And THOMAS who invented trips,
Nor can there be, in my poor view,
"Too many Cooks" like them and you.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy.

L. A. May I ask you a question?

Papa. Yes, yes. What is it?

L. A. Are you a very plain man, Papa?

Papa. Am I a— Well, I'm dashed! What on earth do you mean? It's remarkably good of you to take such an interest in my looks. I don't suppose I'm better or worse than most other men as far as that goes.

L. A. Oh, Papa, I didn't mean your looks. I've never thought about them. Besides, Mamma said we mustn't judge people by their looks. She said an ugly face often concealed a heart of gold; and I'm sure we all know—

Papa. I daresay, I daresay. You all know I've got a heart of gold. Was that what you were going to say?

L. A. Yes, Papa, something like that. But, of course, I didn't mean that you'd got an ug— I shouldn't dream of saying such a thing as that.

Papa. Well, we won't pursue that subject, if you don't mind.

L. A. No, Papa; but I wasn't thinking of that subject at all when we started.

Papa. What were you thinking about, then? You asked me if I was a very plain man.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I did. I heard you tell M. Lagrange yesterday that you were only a plain Englishman; and I've heard you say the same thing to other people lots of times.

Papa. Oh, that's what you're after, is it?

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's what I'm after. And M. Lagrange said, "*Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'un pauvre Français, moi,*" and you said it didn't matter and he wasn't to mind, or something of that sort—so I thought I'd ask you what you meant by being a plain Englishman.

Papa. Come, there's nothing so very difficult about that. Anybody can see with half an eye what that means. It means a man who's outspoken and downright, a man who means what he says and says what he means, a man who— who's an Englishman, in short.

L. A. Then are all Englishmen like that, Papa?

Papa. It's a national characteristic.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but Mr. Mortimer is an Englishman, isn't he, Papa?

Papa. Certainly he is—a very good old English family, the Mortimers.

L. A. But Mamma said the other day she never quite knew what Mr. Mortimer was up to—he never seemed to say what he really meant; and you said she had hit him off to a T, and that you couldn't stand a man who had always got something behind what he said and was always laying traps for you. You said there were too many men like that.

Papa. Yes, that's true enough.

L. A. But then, if Mr. Mortimer's an Englishman, Papa, and if he never says what he really means, he isn't a plain Englishman, is he?

Papa. I never said he was.

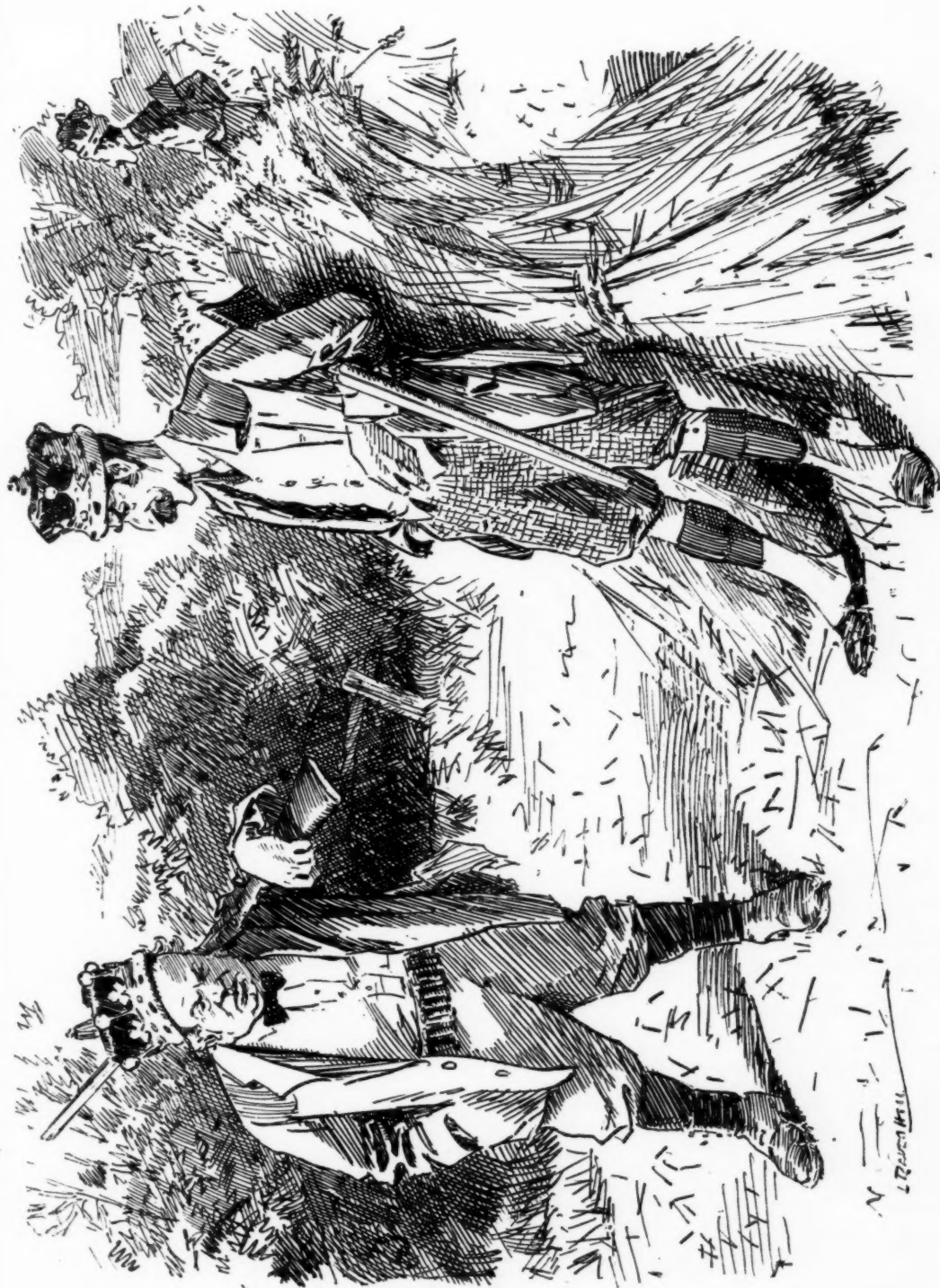
L. A. No, Papa; but if there are too many like him—

Papa. Foreigners, my boy.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't know many foreigners. You only know Mr. Blinkenstein and Mr. Schmitz and M. Lagrange, and they're only three, and I'm sure they say what they mean, don't they?

Papa. What's Miss MacBrayne doing? Why aren't you having lessons with her?

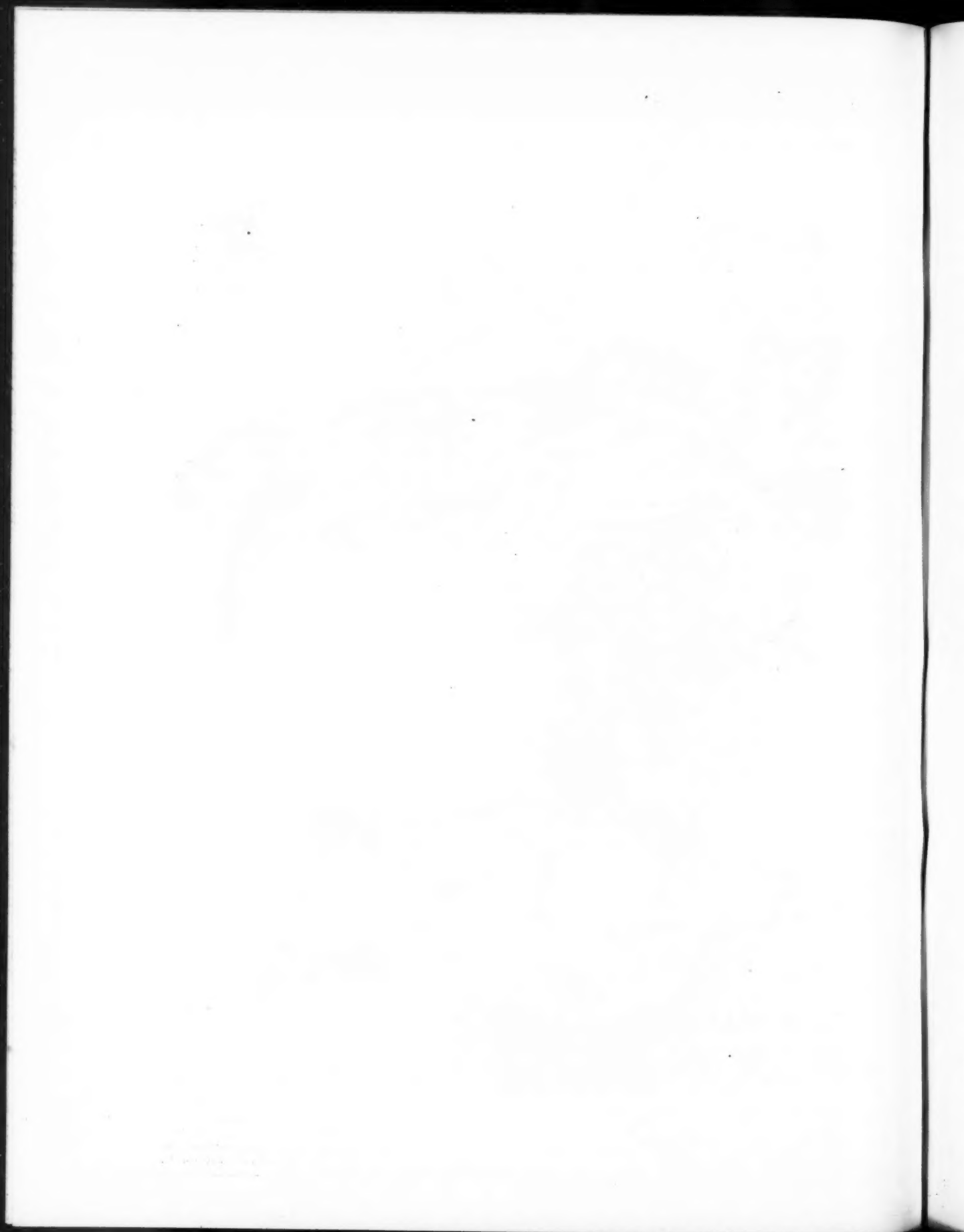
L. A. She's got a holiday, Papa. She's celebrating the battle of Bannockburn with some Scotch friends in London.



THE BILL-DRIVE.

LORD HALSBURY. "NO SIGN OF A BIRD YET."

LORD LANSDOWNE. "NO, IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS. AND THEN THEY'LL COME WITH A RUSH AT THE END OF THE DAY, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO DO OURSELVES JUSTICE."





VARIETY.

Boatman. "No, there ain't much to do 'ere except bathe. But some folks, when they gets tired o' bathin' from this side of the breakwater, they bathes from t'other."

Papa. The battle of what?

L. A. The battle of Bannockburn, Papa, where the Scotch beat the English. She says the Scotch always—

Papa. I don't want to hear what Miss MacBrayne says about the Scotch. What were we talking about?

L. A. I was going to say, Papa, that, as you only know three foreigners and as they're all plain men, you must have been thinking about Englishmen when you said there were too many like Mr. Mortimer.

Papa. Well, I wasn't.

L. A. Weren't you, Papa? Then I wonder what kind of people you were thinking about?

Papa. You can go on wondering.

L. A. Yes, Papa. But you do think Englishmen are better than foreigners, don't you?

Papa. Of course I do. So does every sensible man.

L. A. But isn't M. Lagrange a sensible man, Papa?

Papa. Oh, sensible enough, I daresay.

L. A. Well, he doesn't think Englishmen are better than Frenchmen. He says France is at the head of civilisation.

Papa. Does he? Well, she isn't.

L. A. No, Papa. And he says Frenchmen have won just as many battles as Englishmen—I think he said many more; and he said French poets—

Papa. What on earth do I care what he said about French poets? You needn't take every word he says for Gospel truth. After all, he's a Frenchman.

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's just what he said about us.

Papa. Said we were Frenchmen?

L. A. No, Papa. He said, after all, we were Englishmen, and we couldn't be expected to look at these things fairly.

Papa. I see I shall have to give Lagrange a bit of my mind if he goes on talking to you like that.

L. A. Oh, I don't mind, Papa. I'm a plain Englishman.

Papa. Are you? Well, you can run off into the garden and be a plain Englishman there.

The Daily Mail has been approaching certain great explorers with the question, "What proof would you ask from Dr. Cook that he had reached the Pole?" and the following is Sir MARTIN CONWAY's decisive reply:—

"The statement of a reputable explorer, backed by a consistent story and supported by such observations as circumstances made practicable, would be accepted by the scientific world, if the story were found on examination to 'hang together,' as proof that the explorer had reached the point he claims to have reached."

After reading this definite pronouncement we have no longer hesitation in saying that Dr. Cook has either been telling the truth or else a lie.

Mrs. RAMSAY MACDONALD is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said that women should not be prevented from becoming Fellows of the "Royal Chemical Society." Can this be an off-shoot of the Anti-Corset League?

AN ENGLISH CRICKETER'S LOVE LETTERS.

THE following correspondence was thrust in our letter-box last week with the demand that it should be printed in our next issue. We have not the least doubt that it is unauthentic—or premature, at any rate; but at the same time it certainly seems to convey the atmosphere of the authorised letters. It may be of course that our contributor has only got hold of the rough drafts.

Dec. 24, 1908.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—A merry Christmas to you. I hope you are keeping fit for next season; we must try to beat the Australians. Can you possibly drop in to tea to-morrow?

Yours affectionately,

ALVERSTONE.

July, 1909.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—We are all horrified at your conduct in refusing at the last moment to play against the Australians, when you had promised LEVESON-GOWER to do so. Unless you can see your way to making a public apology to the Committee, in the presence of APTED and the other groundsmen, it will be our painful duty never to let you have the Saturday half-holiday again.

Yours very truly,

ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—All I said was that I wouldn't accept the responsibility of captaining a team which consisted entirely of HARRISON, PLATT and DUCAT. No reason was given to me why the others weren't asked, and I think I ought to at least have been consulted, seeing that it was entirely owing to my captaincy that we won the last match. A lot of people look upon me as a sort of professional, instead of being a very young man with an experience and knowledge of the game unrivalled even by W. G. GRACE.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR PROFUMO—I mean CRAWFORD,—My instructions are to the effect that, anyhow, you are quite old enough to know why all the Surrey professionals except three are in disgrace; if you didn't know, you ought to have guessed. The fact that they are playing to-day against Middlesex has nothing to do with it. If the wicket had been soft some of them would have been left out. Will you apologise? Yours faithfully,

ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—It is awfully nice of you to write me such jolly letters. The official captain, which I won't sully my pen with his name, only told me that HOBBS wasn't good enough for Surrey, and never said anything about the others. Under the circumstances I

don't see why I should apologise to him or anybody—except NOBLE.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR JACK,—Awfully sorry I hadn't time to nod to you when I saw you to-day, but the Committee have ordered me to cut you. I will write you a nice long letter when I get home.

Yours ever,

H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am amazed, revolted and disgusted at your conduct. To think that you should refer to me in this way in your letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, when you know how good I have always been to you! You bad boy! I shall tell STRUDWICK how wicked you have been. Under the circumstances I shall have to cancel your season ticket to the White City—and KIRALFY quite agrees with me in this. It is also obviously impossible that we should both go with the M.C.C. team to South Africa, and so I have asked the South Africans to choose which one of us they would rather played against them in Test Matches. They have unanimously chosen me.

Yours ever,

H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

DEAR CRAWFORD,—At a meeting of Surrey stockbrokers it was decided that the following resolution be sent to you:—

"That in view of young CRAWFORD's refusal to play against the Australians, and the bad style and construction of his letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, he be asked never to play cricket again. And a jolly good riddance."

Yours sincerely,

W. FINDLAY.

DEAR FINDLAY,—Why I should be practically branded as a criminal for refusing to take the field eight short, when you might at least have thanked me for past services, I'm sure I don't know. Anyhow, I hope that others will do the same.

Yours for the last time,

JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

The Manchester Evening News on the Brighton walk:—

"Edwards has made great strides this season, and if his improvement has been maintained during the last few weeks the distance between Payne and himself should be considerably lessened."

He certainly couldn't do better than to keep on with his great strides.

Dogget's Cap and Jersey.

"The entry for Jerseys eclipsed anything known before, no fewer than 147 names being included in the catalogue. Mr. Pocock was not able to go himself."—*North Wilts Herald*.

A pity that he couldn't have had a shot for the jersey—he might have won it.

CONCERNING THE CAUSES OF THINGS.**I.—KISSING.**

I KISSED HIM:—

Because he told me he was an orphan.
Because he looked so unhappy.
Because he gave me a bull-pup.
Because Elizabeth kissed him.
Because it was Bank Holiday.
Because he was going away for ever.
Because he came back for ever.
Because he had such nice curly hair.
Because he was an anti-vivisectionist.
Because he joined the Territorials.
Because he didn't like Dorothy's hat.
Because the light went out.
Because he dared me to.
Because he'd been bitten by a lion in Somaliland.
Because he made a hundred, not out.
Because he was a sailor.
Because; well, just because.

I KISSED HER:—

Because she said no man had ever kissed her.
Because she was so kind to her mother.
Because our Christian names began with the same letter.
Because we both loved MARIE CORELLI.
Because she had red hair.
Because it was the first chance I'd had.
Because it was the last chance I'd get.
Because she was so sensible.
Because I always had kissed the girls in that family.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair up.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair down.
Because she had a dimple.
Because she dared me to.
Because she began to cry.
Because I heard someone coming.
Because I couldn't hear anyone coming.
Because; well, on general principles.

II.—MARRIAGE.

I married HIM:—

Because he said I was the only girl he had ever loved.
Because he was a vegetarian, a total abstainer, and a non-smoker.
Because I didn't want Beatrice to get him.
Because I was tired of living at home.
Because he thought he understood women.
Because I thought I understood men.
Because he didn't know what I was aiming at, until it was too late.
Because he was a clerk in the War Office.
Because I wanted to reform him.
Because my people forbade me to.
Because he had a thousand a year.
Because I thought he'd be easy to manage.
Because he was the first man that proposed to me.

Because his brother was already married.
 Because he read ALFRED AUSTIN'S poems so beautifully.
 Because he looked so romantic.
 Because I was thirty-four.
 Because; well, I often ask myself why I did it.

I married HER:—

Because she was the first white girl I met after three years in Zululand.
 Because I loved her.
 Because I didn't meet her mother before we were married.
 Because she had five thousand a year.
 Because she was the daughter of a Cabinet Minister.
 Because I proposed to her one night on the river.
 Because she didn't talk silly rot about Art and Music.
 Because she was such a jolly good sort.
 Because I wanted to settle down.
 Because I wanted to settle up.
 Because a fellow can't help himself with that kind of girl.
 Because I thought she understood me.
 Because I thought I understood her.
 Because she was beautiful.
 Because Kate jilted me.
 Because I wanted to put that ass Blankley's nose out of joint.
 Because she told me she wasn't of a jealous disposition.
 Because; well, hang it all, I really don't know why I did.

LOCOMOTIVE DRAMA.

WE are delighted to hear that the example set by M. MAETERLINCK in his recent production of *Macbeth* is to be emulated in the operations of the new Locomotive Theatre, Ltd., which will shortly open with an extensive classical and romantic repertory.

It will be remembered that at the Abbey of St. Wandrille at Caudebec-en-Caux the tragedy was "lived" rather than acted, the witches dancing in the moonlight round real cauldrons, the spectators who followed the actors from point to point having to travel a mile or two in pursuit of the *dramatis personæ*.

The directors of the Locomotive Theatre, realising to what an extent exercise conduces to the well-being of the spectators, have arranged that in every one of their productions the various scenes shall be represented in the actual places indicated by the authors.

Arrangements have accordingly been made for a production of *Macbeth* in Scotland, where, with the aid of motor-cars, dirigible balloons and other means of rapid transport, the audience will be able to cover several hundred miles during the progress of the drama, travelling from Forres to Fife and the



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ORCHARD?"

"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I JUST CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LEND ME A FEW APPLES."

English border with the utmost rapidity and convenience.

The claims of realism will be rigorously consulted in a variety of ways. Not only will real cauldrons be provided; but real brindled cats, hedgepigs and other animals will take part in the witches' orgies. The cast will include the Earl of CAWDOR, who has kindly placed his castle at the disposal of the company, the ghost of *Banquo* and other apparitions will be supplied by the Society of Psychological Research, and Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE will officiate as the Scotch Doctor.

Arrangements are also being made for the production of *Othello* on similar lines. As students of the immortal bard are well aware, the First Act takes place in Venice, while the scene for the rest of the play is laid at a seaport in Cyprus. Negotiations are accordingly on foot with the Italian Government and the Colonial Office with a view to fulfilling the dramatist's intentions, but it

has not yet been decided whether the transference shall be effected by the North German Lloyd steamers or a fleet of dirigible balloons. The cast is not yet complete, but it is hoped to secure EL ROUGH to impersonate the Moor, the Duke of the ABRUZZI the *Duke of Venice*, and MISS ELKINS *Desdemona*.

"In another instance they threw the carter's load about in Tib Street, unharnessed the horse, and put the animal back in the shafts tail first."—*Daily Dispatch*.

This is reported as being an "amusing feature of the picketing operations." Next time they must put the animal back head first and be really funny.

"The trained eye knows how to distinguish the plop of a water rat as it drops off the bank and disappears from sight from the sound made by a fish rising under the bank."

The Staffordshire Sentinel.

Cf. Chapter XXI, p. 314, of that anonymous masterpiece, *Plops I have Seen*.

A TRUE STORY.

THE Author feels quite justified in publishing the following correspondence, if only to show up to the Editor (as being the only man not directly implicated) the detestable character of a person who has hitherto traded upon a false reputation for fair and honest judgment.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that I intend to tell you a story concerning *The Classification of John*, and wish particularly to call your attention to the fact that it is a true story.

Yours faithfully, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

30th Aug., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of what (in the careless omission of a date) I assume to be the 29th inst., the contents of which are duly noted. In reply I have to inform you that I have no interest whatsoever in the affair, and that it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether the story concerning *The Classification of John* is a true one or a mere fabrication.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

31st Aug., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 30th inst. to hand. I must confess that I am surprised at the attitude you adopt. I cannot recollect a previous instance in which I have met with such an unblushing confession of indifference to the truth. However, I may at once state that I adhere to my intention of telling you the story concerning *The Classification of John*, and that no amount of prevarication on your part shall deter me from my purpose. In your reply please refer to "J. 1909 (T. S.)."

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

1st Sept., 1909.

J. 1909 (T. S.).

DEAR SIR,—In spite of the fact that you most improperly failed to lick the flap of the envelope containing your impertinent communication of the 31st ult., I am in receipt of the same, and have handed it, together with your other letter, to my solicitors. Anything further you may have to write on the matter, you will kindly address to them.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Solicitors of the Man in the Street.

2nd Sept., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—After a long and fruitless correspondence with the Man in the Street, I am now referred by him to you. Briefly to recapitulate the circumstances,

I have the fixed determination of telling to someone (I do not care to whom) a story concerning *The Classification of John*, particularly emphasising the fact that the story is a true story. I understand that you will accept service of the same, and shall be glad to hear from you at your early convenience.

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Solicitors to the Author.

3rd Sept., 1909.

Re Classification of John.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, but are at a loss to understand its contents. We make a point, in the interests of our clients, of being in receipt of letters, but being at a loss to understand their contents. This is of course without prejudice.

Yours truly,

THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

(Don't Know.)

DEAR SIR,—I am flabbergasted at the attitude you choose to adopt. In the face of such discourteous treatment I shall say no more, but proceed to tell the story, merely changing the name of the hero to satisfy the general lust for falsehood.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

[1 Enclosure.]

THE CLASSIFICATION OF WILLIAM.

William, though not himself of an adventurous nature, was ever ready to oblige. When first his brother asked him to come out to West Africa and look for lions, William answered with considerable accuracy that he did not think that he had lost any. Later, in order to avoid argument, he consented to go, and together they set off to West Africa, or, if there are no lions in West Africa, then to East Africa.

Arrived there, they equipped themselves with rifles, food and a negro servant apiece, and started forth in their search for ungotten lions. Very soon, however, William and his negro got lost in the desert. Possibly there are no deserts in East Africa, in which case this all took place in any country you like where there are lions, negroes and deserts, but no signposts. Anyhow, they wandered about for some weeks together, managing to subsist by some means best known to themselves. There were discomforts and little awkwardnesses in the situation, but they managed to scrape along all right until the negro took it into his head to run amok. His idea of running amok was to dance round William with a long, naked knife.

William, roused to argument at last, disputed the propriety of this, and told his negro servant to go away and be quiet, but the latter merely replied irrelevantly:—"If you had not been a good master to me I would murder you."

"Go away," said William; and, thinking the matter was at an end, "Don't make a fool of yourself."

The negro ceased his dancing suddenly, and regarded William with a fixed eye. "I am not so sure," he said slowly, making a humorous grimace, "that you have been a good master to me."

The Solicitors to the Author.

6th Sept., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to *The Classification of John* (alias William), we withhold comment until we have communicated with our client upon the matter. Meanwhile we may say that it reminds us of a little incident which happened to ourselves only the other day. We will write you to-morrow with full details.

Yours truly, THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

DEAR SIR,—This correspondence must now cease.

Yours firmly,

THE AUTHOR.

THE SUN AND THE SINGER.

The sky is absolutely bald,
No cloudlets spoil its iridescence,
The heat wave has begun to melt
The butter, and is being felt
By persons having what is called
A presence.

This is the day when those who choose
To make the god of sport their fetish
Are found on golf-links and on
lawns,
With faces of the tint of prawns,
And growing ever, as they ooze,
More pettish.

But not the bard, whose tuneful shell
Is evermore Apollo's servant:
He shall not roam the fields and prod
Alluvial strata from the sod
Until his hide becomes too—well,
Too fervent.

He shall not wave (to suit your whim)
The ineffectual tennis racket,
Nor leave to some indignant fair,
Who muffs it with a mute despair,
The lob that came too high for him
To whack it.

Here on the lawn I mean to sit
While you indulge your gambols
yonder;
Roofed by a tent of waving boughs,
My handkerchief across my brows,
And murmur to the Muse a bit,
And ponder.

Thus I believe those pastoral men,
Watching their tender goatlets eat
thyme,
The bards of old were wont to lie
And weave their songs,—and so
will I,
If one of you will wake me when
It's tea-time.



LABOUR LOST.

Sympathetic Fast Bowler. "WHAT! HAS IT KNOCKED A TOOTH OUT, OLD CHAP? HARD LINES!"
Injured Batman. "YES, AND I'VE ONLY JUST HAD IT STOPPED TOO!"

THE IDLER.

I AM a keen motorist. I have got no nerves; they were all destroyed years ago. I am very fond of driving; indeed, I spend the best part of my day driving the largest car that is at present made. You may be very proud of your own car, but it is not nearly so large as mine. When I say that I can take sixteen people inside and eighteen on the top, you will see that this is no vain boast.

I have come to look upon myself as a fairly busy man. True, I do not start work much before eight and rarely continue after midnight, but while I am at it I have one or two little matters of some importance to attend to constantly. At a rough computation I should say that I have seven hands. I have never actually seen more than two of these, but I know that I can manage my steering-wheel, my gears, my lubrication, my hand-brake and my throttle all at the same time, and yet have one hand to spare to wave at intending passengers and another for my cigarette. But then, of course, the steering is not really difficult. All I have to do is to realise at the very first that it is impossible to get my little lot

through, and to hope for the best. Now and then there does seem to be a spare foot or two of unoccupied space in the road, but that is generally filled by half-a-dozen taxicabs before I get there.

Bless you, I am quite used to these taxicabs, for there are always three pressing me on my right, three on my left, two nipping across in front of me, and six running into me behind. Very likely lots of them go underneath me, and I should not be surprised to learn that one or two jump over me.

I get plenty of time for quiet meditation, because the passengers always take great care to give me enough opportunities for stopping. They feel that the hills tire me, so they generally arrange to get on and off when I am halfway up. I appreciate the kindness with which they determine among themselves that no two of them get off at the same time. If this seems likely to occur, one of them stays behind, waits till I have got four or five yards further, and then makes me stop again. These little occasions I use for philosophic contemplation. The chief object that I contemplate philosophically is a ruined engine, the position from which I do so being usually on my back in the road.

But there is always the motor-bus above me to keep the sun off. Of course I lose money on these delays, but one cannot have one's holidays for nothing.

So much for myself. If you would only condescend, I should be delighted to see you any time you cared to come for a little jaunt on my motor. Choose a really wet day, stop me as suddenly as you can, and then watch me skidding. If we are lucky in our day, I and my 'bus will be carried into a private carriage driving on the wrong side of the road. The coachman will abuse me and the occupant of the carriage will abuse me. Then we shall all gather round and have a chat with a policeman, who also will abuse me. You, of course, will abuse me too, and (if you don't mind my giving you a little hint about the etiquette of these occasions) you will be doing the proper thing if you tell the policeman, and see that he takes it down in his notebook, that it was entirely my fault.

"Lord Lansdowne, speaking at Calne last night, denounced the Bridget."—*The Pioneer*.

One hears all sorts of stories about this lady.



District Visitor. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. PERKINS. I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO THE UNIONIST ASSOCIATION GARDEN PARTY AT SIR ARCHIBALD'S THIS AFTERNOON, TO HEAR OUR CANDIDATE SPEAK?"

Mrs. Perkins. "WELL, NO; YOU SEE, MUM, MY NEIGHBOUR, MRS. 'OPKINS, SHE BELONGS TO THAT, SO I JOINED THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT, SO WE CAN LOOK AFTER ONE ANOTHER'S BABIES WHILE T'OTHER'S AT MEETINGS."

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

(A Confession to his Host.)

No, it was not with cunning, not with guile,
Not with the "far-flung battle line" of "*Zelus*,"
Threshing the stream for many a weary mile,
Waving my arm like one that bath a screw loose,—
Not thus that, while the midges murmured
Their mournful incantations round my head,
I took this monster from his ancient bed
Of cool ooze.

He did not leap all panther to the lure,
Rush at the hint of steel like Wall Street buyers,
Struggle for ages ere I had him sure,
And seek to foul me underneath the briars;
Jones would have told you that or some such myth,
So would a hundred of his craft and kith;
But I am WASHINGTON, where Jones and Smith
Are liars.

No, with a leaded line, deliberate, calm,
Standing behind a bush as I was bidden,

There in an evening hour of bats and balm,
When all the swollen flood was flotsam-ridden,
I towed him to his meritorious doom,
I and a fat red worm the undergroom
Had garnered over-night from (I presume)
The midden.

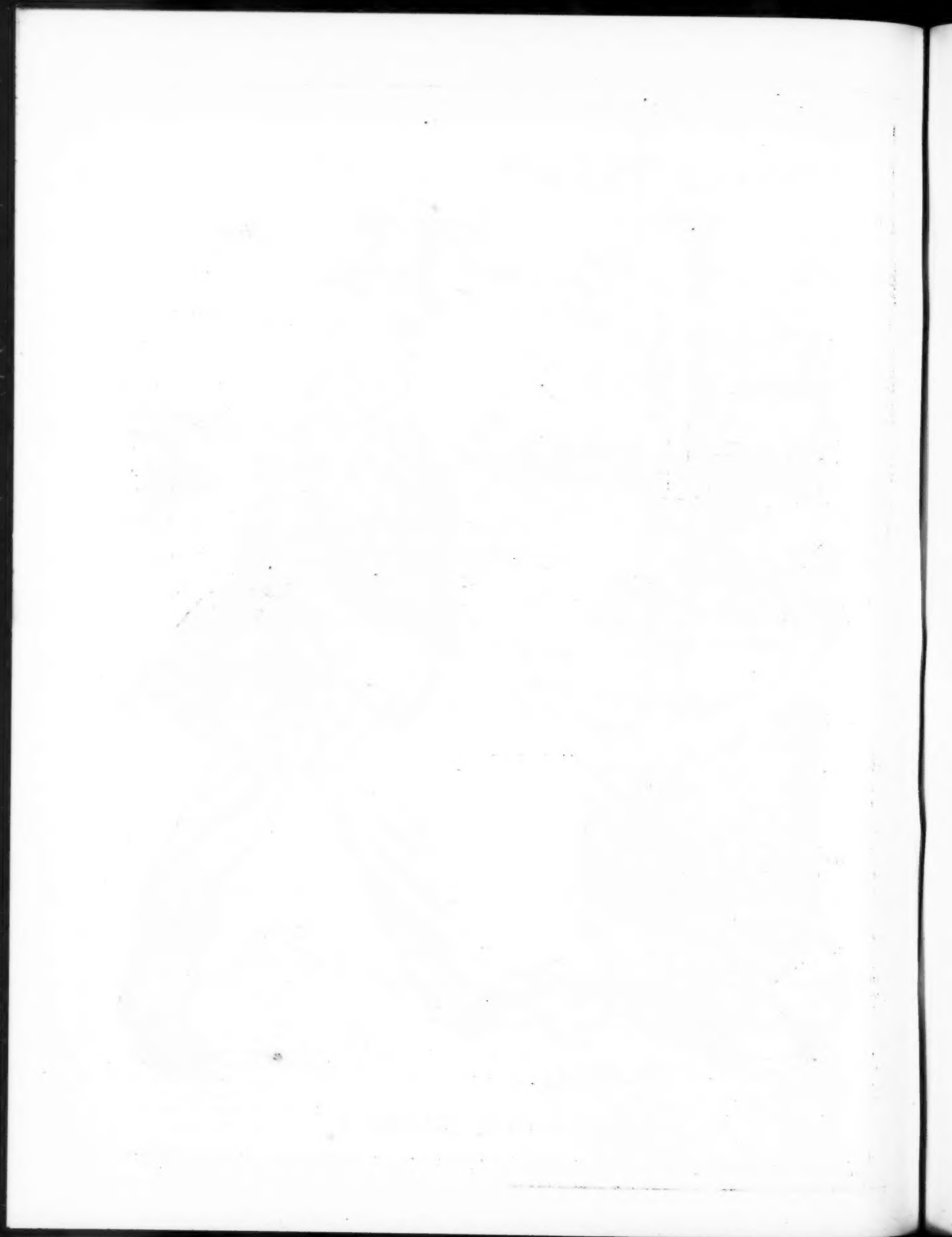
Heavy he came and bloated to his end,
A sheer dead lump to pull, and not a skilled haul,
Like some stout City merchant who must wend
(After the speeches and the wine have thrilled all)
His way to villadom, from where he sat,
Doing his duty by the turtle fat,
Helping to feast some high-souled hero at
The Guildhall.

(Homeric simile.) But ere I close
Observe once more the *triplex aces et robur*
Of this stout rodsman as compared with those
Who lie from early March to late October;
Though, had I not observed (with some chagrin)
That Jack, your son, was standing near the scene,
My story too had very likely been
Less sober.



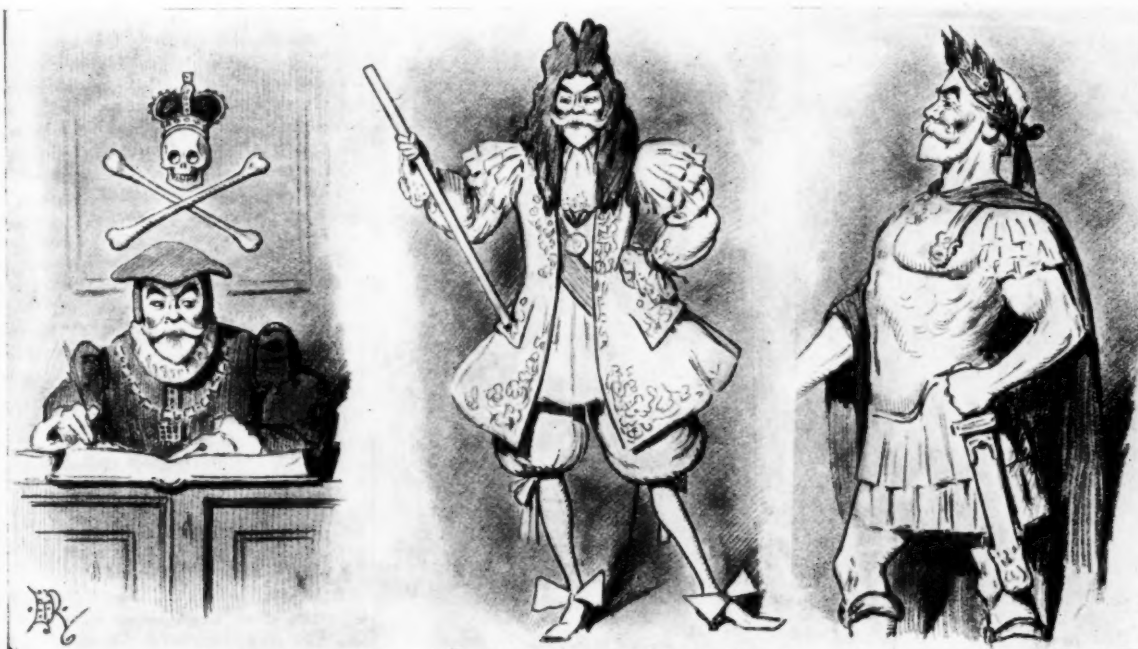
DEUS CUM MACHINA.

LORD ROSEBERY (emerging once more from his retirement). "ANOTHER OF MY PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"BANBURY PROBED THE DEPTHS OF RARE HISTORICAL LORE TO FIND PARALLEL TO PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD."
(Rt. Hon. John Burns, as seen by Sir Frederick Banbury.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 30.—A night of discursive conversation, punctuated by the Closure. Housing and Town Planning Bill comes up for Committee. Runs to seventy-three clauses and six schedules. House allotted two days for Committee stage. Seems on face of it inadequate. Fact is last year Grand Committee, microcosm of House, sat for weeks shaping the ends of measure rough-hewn by Local Government Board. What's the use of a Grand Committee if, after this, House is to go all through the work again?

Opposition small but expansive. In Division Lobby mustered thirty-six. Clogged paper with amendments. Met Bill on threshold of Committee with no fewer than ten Instructions. Had a single one been in order, the whole sitting might have been appropriated for discussing it. SPEAKER, Closure incarnate, made short work of the group. It was the old story of the Ten Little Niggers. Nine ruled out on point of Order "and then there was one." This also the ruthless SPEAKER smothered; "and," he added, "all the Instructions being out of order, I will now leave the Chair."

Which he forthwith did, spending a pleasant evening in his library with PLATO, whilst Committee wrestled with

FREDERICK BANBURY, who, in absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, undertook to lead Opposition.

He probed the depths of rare historical lore to find parallel to PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD. Came to conclusion that he was "a kind of JULIUS CÆSAR." JOHN BURNS, blushing modestly, disclaimed honour thrust upon him.

WALTER GUINNESS made excellent start. Seconding amendment for omission of Clause 1, which compulsorily endows Local Authorities with power to deal with unhealthy areas, he remarked:

"If this clause be adopted, Local Authorities will put up houses without assurance that they can make both ends meet."

JOHN BRIGHT once talked about impossibility of turning his back on himself. An easy achievement compared with problem here suggested. As MEMBER FOR SARK points out, it is only during earthquakes that both ends of a house ever meet.

Hardest case of all DICKSON-POYNDR'S. On Clause 30 conversation drifted into comparison between sanitary arrangements of continental cities and London. At end of hour's talk D.-P. interposed.

"I think, Mr. EMMOTT," he said, addressing the Chair, "it is time to come

back to England from Paris and Berlin."

The moment he had landed, so to speak, on his native shore, prepared to enjoy its many privileges—to speak by the card having worked off the first sentence of what promised to be lengthy and interesting speech, Chairman rose and put the question. D.-P. abruptly subsided.

BANBURY, making further study of the PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, desires to supplement his previous similitude. JOHN BURNS is not only "a kind of JULIUS CÆSAR"; in his (BANBURY'S) opinion, he further resembles a Star Chamber President or (alternatively) an anonymous personage attached to the Court of LOUIS XVI.

More blushes from J. B. Has long been accustomed to being called names. Acknowledges that no effort in that direction equals fertility of resources of Member for the City.

Business done.—Between 3.30 and 11.30 fifty-two clauses of Housing and Town Planning Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Never since Dogberry delivered his charge to the watch patrolling the streets of Messina has there been nearer parallel to the situation than is found in the case of the outraged House



FRA SLIPPO SLIPPI AT WORK.

"He would like to know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade had reached those unapproachable heights of public morality in which they could use language which, though it seemed absurd and almost hypocritical in the case of ordinary men, became natural and excusable in the mouths of these political saints."

of Commons and the peccant Duke of NORFOLK. Some weeks have elapsed since His Grace wrote encouraging missive to "My dear Profumo," Unionist candidate for the High Peak. In it SWIFT MACNEILL'S quick eye detected breach of Privilege. Is there not solemnly passed at the opening of every Session an order forbidding Peers to interfere in Parliamentary Elections?

Long experience has shown that inevitable result of flaunting Breach of Privilege flag is to place Commons in ridiculous position. As sometimes happens, action of august assembly was in this case directed at level of wisdom of least discreet Member. Committee of Privileges appointed, with PRIME MINISTER in Chair, to consider the alleged naughtiness of NORFOLK. Decided to

invite His Grace to make any observations that might occur to him. Hinted at desirability of his attendance in person. Duke wrote polite note to say he couldn't conceive what information the Committee required beyond what was common property. As to walking into their parlour, he presumed application would have to be made to the House of Lords.

This afternoon enquiry addressed to Treasury Bench elicits reply that PREMIER is not yet in position to present report on case.

Here the matter stands, and here comes the quotation from *Dogberry's* discourse, with a single verbal variation suited to the political times:—

Dogberry.—This is your charge. You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 Watch.—How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry.—Why, then, take no note of him but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together and thank God you are rid of a Duke.

Business done.—Another night in Committee on Town Planning Bill. With the regularity proverbially attributed to clockwork, blade of guillotine fell at seven and again at 10.30. At latter hour 156 amendments chopped off. Soon after midnight Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—It would not be true to speak of Captain CRAIG'S martial spirit as being subdued. It is certainly saddened by recent extraordinary procedure of Post Office. House has already by frequent questioning been made familiar with fact that accommodation for His Majesty's Post Office in Collinstown is located in a pigsty. Later information has reached the Captain which seriously aggravates the situation. Submitted it to House to-day in form of further question addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"Can the right hon. gentleman state," the gallant Captain asked, fixing the hapless Minister with glowing eye, "if the pigsty has a chimney?"

As everyone knows, this convenience is common to pigsties in Ireland. In the West there frequently are in addition, SARK tells me, a fireplace, fire-irons, and, in some cases, settles within the spacious chimney upon which "the gentleman who pays the rent" may on winter evenings repose and mentally review the events of the day. If Captain CRAIG has been well informed—and on these matters he has established an enviable character for accuracy—the pigsty at Collinstown, wherein His Majesty's mails are received and distributed, has not even a chimney.

Painful to see POSTMASTER-GENERAL shuffling with the question. At the end of conversation, animated on the gallant Captain's part, House was left in doubt as to whether the pigsty has or has not a chimney. Captain CRAIG may be relied upon to remove uncertainty. In his hands it has become *the* Irish Question. SYDNEY BUXTON may just as well, sooner rather than later, make up his mind frankly to answer it.

Business done.—Lochaber—I mean the Budget Bill, once more.

"It was generally recognised in aviation circles last week that either the claims of Wembley Park must be sacrificed to Blackpool or that Wembley Park must give way to Blackpool."—*Daily Dispatch*.

It is a knotty question which will, we hope, be decided without blood.

A thought for to day:—

"Miss B. Fish looked nice in cream."—*Blackpool Herald*.

THE DONKEYS' PAGEANT.

By kind permission of the Earl of Mokehampton, K.T., the Donkeys' Pageant, which has been so eagerly anticipated, will be held in his grounds next week. The author of the book is Mr. L. Ascelles.

Tableau I.—EUCLED inventing his famous side-splitting Pons Asinorum.

Tableau II.—The Old Kent Road. Grand procession of costers and their donahs, each with his little moke. Selections from his repertoire by Mr. GUS ELEN, including a new song written for the occasion, beginning—

O I tell you 'e's a treasure,
Is that artful little ass,
We call 'im Neddychadnezzar
Cos he's such a king at grass.
You should see 'im in the barrer
On an August 'oliday,
Trots to Epping like an arer,
Beats St. Martin all the way.

But when he starts a-braying you should 'ear
'im—well, I'm blowed.

You can 'ear 'im from the Garding right away
to Mile End Road.

I dunno wot 'e does it for, I dunno wot it means,
But it stands the onions' 'air on end and
petrifies the greens.

And so on.

Tableau III.—The Hallie League Restaurant. Congress of rootarians, seedarians, messarians, cabbagarians and other reformers at a thistle soup orgy.

Tableau IV.—The invention of the Donkey-Engine. This intensely interesting episode will be graphically impersonated by the entire staff of the *Asinaum*.

Tableau V.—The apotheosis. *Bottom* the weaver in his ass's head sings "The Vicar of Bray," surrounded by all the famous asses of history, from the Golden Ass of APULEIUS to Sir ———.

TWO FABLES

I.—THE STOPPED CLOCK.

ONCE upon a time there was a discredited politician whose nostrums no longer took anyone in. And being thrown out of office he wandered about, seeking, like many men before him, for comfort and consolation among his inferiors. These, however, failing him, he passed on to the lower animals, and from them to the inanimate, until he came one day to a clock which, the works having been removed, consisted only of a case, a face, and two hands.

"Ha," said the politician, as he stood before it, "at last I have found something beyond question and argument more useless than myself. For you, my friend, are done. I, at any rate, still have life and movement. I can speak and act; I have a function still to perform in the world; whereas you are a mockery and a sham."



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IF, HAVING RESTED A DEER FOREST, YOU ARE CONTINUALLY STORM-STATE, IT PASSES THE TIME AND IS A GOOD MENTAL EXERCISE TO CALCULATE EXACTLY HOW MUCH THE AMUSEMENT IS COSTING YOU PER MINUTE.

"Kindly," the clock replied, "refrain from associating me with yourself. I decline the comparison. Lifeless I may be, but not useless. For two separate moments every day I am absolutely right, and for some minutes approximately right; whereas you, Sir, are, have been, and will be, consistently wrong."

II.—THE SAGE.

A City was once besieged by a large and powerful army, and the inhabitants were reduced to severe straits and starvation. At length they were saved by an aged man who discovered a secret method of converting wood and stone into food by soaking it in a fluid of his own invention. So they ate up their houses and left only the walls of the city, and in course of time they were relieved by reinforcements. Then the chief men of the city seized the aged man and charged him with the destruction of their houses

and public buildings, and demanded of him that he should tell them what they should do to restore their prosperity. "Continue," said he, "the use of the magical fluid, and devour now also the walls of your city. Then you need have no fear of conquering armies, because there will be no city for them to attack."

The very Farthest North.

"Dr. Cook's telegram to M. Lecoq states definitely that he reached the North Pole on the date mentioned above, and that he discovered land to the northward."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We should like to hear what ETUKISHOOK thinks of the country north of the North Pole.

Advt. in *The Birmingham Post* :—

"The Committee earnestly appeal to the public for increased Subscriptions, so that the Subscription List may be greatly increased."

You see the idea?

AT THE PLAY.

"MID-CHANNEL."

I AM not sure that Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO is quite innocent of false pretences in the matter of the title of his new play. *Mid-Channel* might have meant so much. It might have meant collisions in a fog, collapsing swimmers, submerged Lathams, or at least a touch of *mal-demer*, but it meant none of these things; any more than the POET LAUREATE meant them when he composed his batch of sonnets on the same marine neighbourhood. What the author meant was



COMFORT IN MID-CHANNEL.

Theodore Blundell . . . MR. LYN HARDING.

that halfway between Folkestone and Boulogne there is a shoal where even in weather of the most haleyn the waters are ruffled. It is an allegory. It illustrates a certain type of marriage. Sir WING has noticed that after a couple have been married about fourteen years or so, and all has hitherto been smooth sailing, there comes a period when the waters of conjugal union are troubled and the two feel a bit sick of one another. Get over this period, by sitting tight or holding on patiently to the nearest fixed object, and you will soon be in quiet water again, with a clear run before you on a calm course of progressive jubilees. On the other hand, jump overboard and you will regret it, for at the best you may lose your hat and are sure to get your other clothes wet, and at the worst you will be drowned, for the shoal is not so shallow that you can stand on the floor of it with any comfort.

All this takes a lot of explanation in a play, and the only flaw in the smoothness of the author's construction was when he stopped *Peter Mottram* in the middle of an exit and dragged him back

by the hair for the express purpose of throwing off a solution of the titular allegory. Mr. LOWNE, who played the congenial part of *Peter* (a friend of both parties) with a very perfect felicity, had in his repertoire a large assortment of excellent advice, part earnest, part banter, including several hallowed platitudes, on whose antiquity the author was the first to remark; but when he had to work off this homily on the title for general future reference I nearly mistook him for a prig and a bore.

Before leaving the *Mid-Channel* theory, which doesn't quite hold water when you look at it closely, let me say that the lady ultimately throws herself overboard. I am glad that Sir WING had the courage to make her do this, for an early scene made it clear, and the lurid course of subsequent events made it clearer still, that even if she and her husband had weathered the shoal there would have been some dreadfully choppy water waiting for them between there and Boulogne.

The play must rank with the author's best. Its dialogue did not err on the side of terseness, but it was so brilliantly rendered, and nearly always so natural in its fluency, that our attention never faltered. Less interest was to be got out of the fate of the three leading characters (two, if not more of them, seemed tainted with a rather superfluous vulgarity), but the sneaking tenderness which husband and wife retained for one another in the course of their separation and mutual infidelities made us hope forlornly, against our better judgment, that they might patch up their quarrel. Still, I am afraid I was not as much "purified by pity" as I should like to have been, for the estranged pair were hardly worth it, and I could not get myself to worry properly about the girl whose lover was nearly sacrificed to the married woman. Somehow she failed to contribute her right share to the irony of things.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH was almost better than herself, especially in the quick play of light and shade in the earlier scenes, when there was more chance for the contrast of emotions.

Mr. LYN HARDING, as the husband, was not supposed to be too refined for the Stock Exchange, but there was no need for him to look so much like a professional bruiser. Now and then he was perhaps a little lacking in finesse, and hovered on the verge of melodrama; but it was a good performance in a vein not quite his own.

Mr. MATURIN, as the lover, a part which was just a little beyond him, was too angular, but he also did some good things. Miss NINA SEVENING was the erring *Mrs. Annerly*, and had one very

nice speech:—"I'm sure I don't want to get into the Divorce Court again. I hate the hole." But she is not built for an adventuress.

As for *Lena*, the lady's-maid, I must suppose that she said and did what Sir ARTHUR meant her to, but most of it looked and sounded very improbable. I speak without peculiar knowledge, having never made more than one careful study of this type; but I suspect that my inexperience is shared by the author.

To whom, and to his interpreters, and to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who schooled them, my best compliments on a fine piece of work. O. S.

"ARSENÉ LUPIN."

Arsène Lupin was a very bad boy. In the Fourth Act we are told that he began his career of crime at quite an early age by stealing sugar and jam. It must have been quite an early age, for



SENTIMENT AMONG THIEVES.

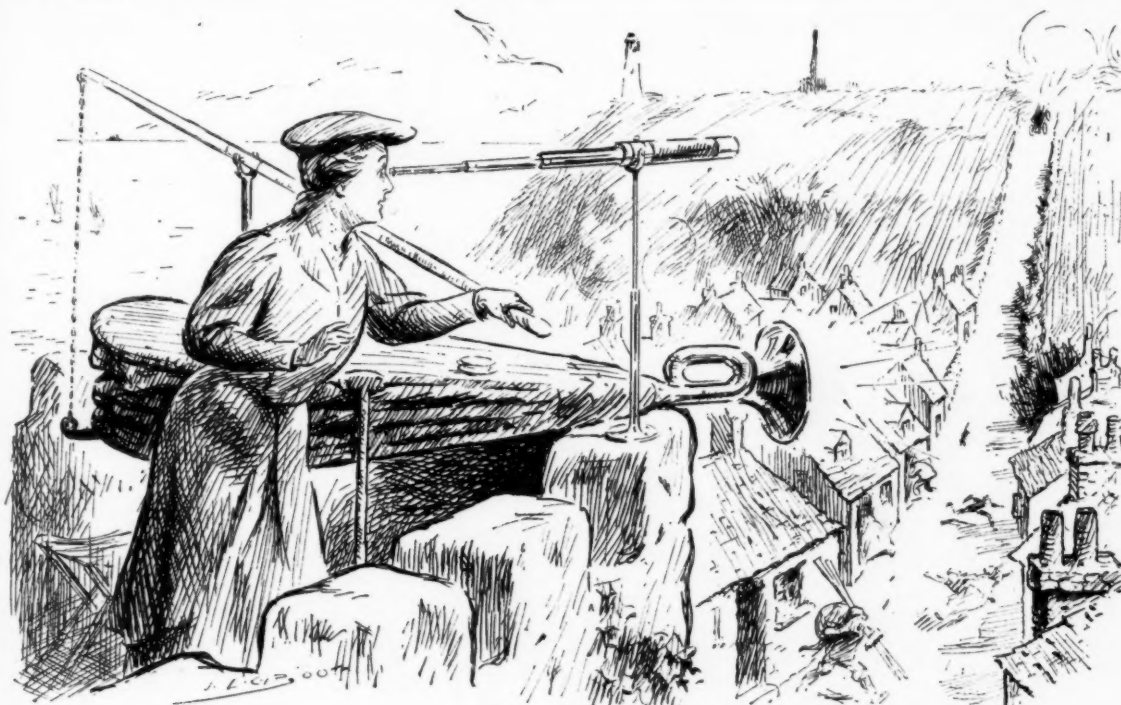
Arsène. "Sonia, you have stolen my heart."

Sonia. "Well, what else was there to take? You should have worn a tie-pin."

Sonia Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.
Duc de Charmerace Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.

I have read elsewhere that when only six he stole a diamond necklace, and (as the vulgar say) popped the stones. Yet do not judge him harshly. Remember that he had the artist's love for the beautiful, the politician's desire that wealth should be properly distributed.

Arsène, masquerading as the *Duc de Charmerace*, was betrothed to *Germaine Gournay-Martin*, but fell in love with her hired companion, *Sonia*. *Sonia*, as it happened, was also a thief; but again I must ask you to reserve your judgment. *Sonia*, with the necessity for living staring her in the face, had had the choice of selling her honour or some-



THE MOTOR ALARM.

STUDY OF A SCHEME FOR EXTENDING THE USEFULNESS OF CHURCH-TOWERS, BLACKSMITHS' BELLAWS, AND THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CLERGY.

body else's jewels, and rightly chose the latter. That was a long time ago; but even as recently as the First Act she took *Germaine's* pearls. The reasons she gave the *Duc* in the next Act for her conduct were unconvincing; still more unconvincing her assurance that she had stolen nothing since she loved him; at best she would only have had time to pinch his watch. Yet there can be no doubt that both he and she were good at heart, and that thieving is a fine profession.

Having swept away the moral difficulty we may now settle down to enjoy the play. The first two Acts are merely to prepare you for the last two, when the great duel of wits, revolvers, handcuffs, and bombs takes place between *Arsène Lupin*, the world-famous gentleman thief, and *Guerchard*, the world-famous detective. In the First Act, for instance, some quite ordinary thieves come on with the object of deceiving you as to the identity of the real burglar. It had that effect on the small boy behind me, for I overheard him betting that it was *Anastase*. It didn't deceive me; I knew it was *GERALD DU MAURIER*. Mr. DU MAURIER was playing the part of the *Duc de Chermance*?—then the *Duc* was *Arsène Lupin*.

But the Third and Fourth Acts are properly thrilling. Revolvers are pulled

out, handcuffs are burst open (I didn't know that this was done much. Neither, by the way, did *Guerchard*—I never saw a man so surprised), bombs are threatened, and secret passages disclosed. Through it all go Mr. DU MAURIER and Mr. DENNIS EADIE as cool as you please; and when in the end *Arsène* escapes in *Guerchard's* own motor with *Sonia* (Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE) at his side the cheering is terrific. "By Raffles, a proper pair of villains."

Only it is a mistake to try to white-wash your villains. M.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL POLITENESS TOURNAMENT.

We are glad to be able to announce that, as a result of the recent correspondence on the subject in *The Daily Mirror* and other leading journals, arrangements are now on foot for a grand International Politeness Congress and Tournament, which will be held in London some time during the next summer.

From a rough prospectus which has been kindly forwarded to us by the promoters, we gather that a series of searching tests will be instituted, amongst which we may specially notice the "Post Office Ordeal" and a contest in courtesy between booking-office clerks.

Another very interesting and opportune competition will be restricted to Radical and Socialist Politicians. A real live Duke, of the most atrocious character, will be placed on a platform wearing the insignia of his order, and the competitors will be called upon to vie with each other in a contest of delicate eulogy. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have kindly consented to act as adjudicators.

The Corn-stampers' Test will also impose a severe strain on the equanimity of the contestants, who will only be allowed to wear sand-shoes, while the stamping will be done by specially selected operators weighing not less than 17 stone and equipped with hobnailed boots of several horse-power.

Prizes will also be given to the most tactful Tax-collector, the perfect policeman, the most benevolent bus-conductor, and medals for gentleness to jostlers and courtesy to cats.

"Cries for a speech from some of the Australians were raised; but the Colonials preferred to remain modestly in the background; the crowd would not be satisfied, however, until Mr. Gregory and Mr. Bardsley had come forward and bowled their acknowledgements."—*Sussex Daily News*.

We understand that they bowled them with a strong swerve from the leg.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is some time since Mr. BASIL LUBBOCK published *Round the Horn before the Mast*, a book which was welcomed immediately as the work of one of those rare authors, such as Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD and Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who mix their colours with real sea-water, as distinct from those who merely drop a pinch of salt into the paint-pot. With *Deep Sea Warriors* (METHUEN) Mr. LUBBOCK justifies his earlier welcome. It is the log of an English officer who for a vaguer ships as a seaman and spends his furlough on a voyage from India to the Cape. He poses as a novice, with just that amount of nautical experience which belongs to the enthusiastic amateur yachtsman, but every page proclaims the man to whom the call of the sea is irresistible. Mr. LUBBOCK, of course, writes from personal experience of the life which he has himself gone out of his way to adopt. Much of the interest of the narrative lies in the author's portrayal of sea life in its effects on a number of widely different types of character. He describes a ship which has a reputation for bad luck and worse food. Such a ship attracts for the most part seamen who cannot pick and choose, and the crew is consequently a very mixed company. The captain is an opium-smoker, the first mate a Yankee, hard as nails, yet with tender spots in places; and the rest are, in the mate's words, "half babes, half savages," among whom the hardest hitter gets fewest knocks. The book is a record of their doings, and a record so vivid that to read it is almost as good as to live through it. Indeed, for a landsman, I'm not sure that it isn't better.

In *Fancy O'Brien* (from CHAPMAN AND HALL)
Miss ELLA MACMAHON has written
A tale which is like to be wormwood and gall
(More or less) to the average Briton.

A youth of Old Ireland exhibits a bent
As a boulder unblushing and thorough—
Result, in the main, of a holiday spent
In Blackpool's salubrious borough.

His thoughts and his doings are sordid, and end
In a climax that's fitting, though gory—
A sombre recital in spite of the blend
Of Hibernian wit with the story.

Take a liberal amount of love and a small quantity of licence, serve with Court sauce, add a flavouring of Royalty and season to taste,—this seems to be the usual recipe for the making of historical novels. But if there is little scope for originality in this kind of fiction, the maker of the historical dish can still find his opportunity in the mixing of his ingredients, and with

Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND's treatment of *Shoes of Gold* (PAUL) it is impossible to be captious. *Monsieur de Saintonge*, the penniless nephew of a rich, parsimonious uncle, fared ill at the Court of LOUIS XV. Too poor to dress himself becomingly, he was the butt of Versailles, where "the one unforgivable sin was to be ridiculous." Despatched, however, to Russia on what I will—by stretching the truth to its limits—dignify with the name of a diplomatic mission, and dressed no longer in tatters, he filled a position which, although extremely precarious, was infinitely preferable to his former post. Ordinary stuff, no doubt, but it is very well served. The minds of men are exercised as well as their muscles, and the movement of the story is not accompanied everlastingly by the music of clashing weapons. Indeed, Mr. DRUMMOND has so nice a sense of style and his reflections upon life are so sane, that I think he is wasting his time in dealing with Court intrigues.

Excuse me, Mr. RICHARD MARSH, but may I just have a word with you about *The Girl in the Blue Dress* (LONG)? I don't know whether you have read her; anyhow, you have written her, and that is good enough for me. In the first place, is not the short story used too much nowadays as a makeshift for overworked novelists, rather than as a medium of a peculiar art? In the second place, if you don't mind my saying so (and even if you do), are you not growing a little too free with your stolen necklaces and your apt coincidences? In the third place, however, is there not a sufficient combination of excitement and quiet humour in these stories to justify me in recommending them to ardent magazine readers as being of at least as good a quality as anything they will find in the current illustrated monthlies? There is, indeed, and I make the recommendation. But farther than that I cannot go. No, not an inch. Good morning, Mr. MARSH.



THE CIVILISATION OF AFRICA—THE LAST LION.

The Daily Chronicle has conceived the idea, brilliant in its novelty, of publishing a parody on FITZGERALD's version of OMAR. It is entitled "The Budgai'at of I'm a-Khrying." This remarkable word-play (for the striking similarity between the sounds of Omar Khayyam and I'm a-Khrying can escape no sensitive ear) still leaves us unchanged in our opinion that *The Daily Chronicle's* humour is at its best when unintentional.

From Aberdour Notes in the *Fife Free Press*:—

"Excellent weather conditions favoured the 52nd annual regatta held at Aberdour on Saturday, and there was a large exodus of visitors." The regatta doesn't seem to have been very popular; unless, perhaps, "exodus" is a mistake for "Numbers."

"I do not claim to possess the key to the problem of life and thought, or the secret of evolution."—M. BRIEUX in *The Daily Mail*. The modesty of our great men is proverbial.